Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to, [illegible] in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I paid.

Pr. O monſtrous! eleven buckrom-men growne out of two?

Fa. But as the divel would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let drive at me; for it was ſo darke, *Hall*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, opē, palpable. Why, thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Falſ. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall*-greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell us your reaſon What ſayſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon, *Iacke*, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, upon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

Prin I'le be no longer guilty of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Falſ. Zblood you ſtarueling, you elfskinne, you dried neats-tongue, buls pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter what is like thee? you taylors-yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Pr Well, breathe a while, and then toit againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Pri. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them & were maſters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word